

The King's Highway.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness: . . . The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. Isaiah 35:8.

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BE NOT WEARY.

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Yes, He knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame;
Knows that hand and heart are weary;
He "in all points" felt the same.
He is near to help and bless;
Be not weary, onward press.

Look to Him who once was willing
All His glory to resign,
That for thee the law fulfilling,
All His merits might be thine;
Strive to follow day by day,
Where His footsteps mark the way.

Look to him, the Lord of glory,
Tasting death to win thy life;
Gazing on that "wondrous story,"
Canst thou falter in the strife?
Is it not new life to know
That the Lord hath loved thee so?

Look to him who ever liveth,
Interceding for his own;
Seek, yea claim, the grace He giveth
Freely from His priestly throne.
Will He not thy strength renew
With His Spirit's quickening dew?

Look to Him and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar and love shall burn;
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten,
Rise! He called thee, return!
Be not weary on thy way,
Jesus is thy strength and stay.

MRS. SARAH A. LANKFORD PALMER.

Her Conversion and Entire Sanctification as Related by Herself.

Mrs. Sarah A. Lankford Palmer's ancestors were members of the Established Church, and lived according to the customs of their day. Her father, Henry Worrall, was born near Sheffield, England. He was converted at the age of fourteen, and joined the Wesleyan Society, receiving his first ticket of membership from the hands of John Wesley. Sarah A., daughter of Henry and Dorothea Worrall, was born in the city of New York, April 23, 1806. At thirteen she obtained the joyous witness of adoption.

The account of her happy conversion and subsequent experience of entire sanctification is thus given by herself:

When near thirteen, seeing a minister apparently very happy, I desired the same enjoyment, and was instantly prompted to secure it, by seeking to become a child of God. On the Wednesday following, after an earnest struggle for pardon, I heard Jesus whisper,

"Thy sins are forgiven;
Accepted thou art!
I listened—heaven
Sprang up in my heart."

My transported soul, perfectly unconscious of earthly objects was permitted, as if disembodied, to mingle with the heavenly choir, in praise and adoration. The witness imparted that moment has never since been questioned. For weeks my joys were uninterrupted, not even a temptation was permitted to cloud my sky.

But soon school-days came. Hard lessons required attention. I could scarcely consent to turn away my thoughts, even for a short time, from my precious Bible and little hymn book. My teacher was unconvinced,—this gave me anxiety. My schoolmates sometimes ridiculed my strictness. But as trials came, victories multiplied. The blessed Spirit soon taught me that I must study hard lessons to please the Lord. Then hard lessons became easy,—no longer irksome.

A triumph which lasted long, was given one day at noon recess. Persecution was unusually annoying: my heart was ready to faint. My hand was on the door opening into the school room, when I withdrew it saying: "Dear Father, I cannot go into the room feeling so; I must be refreshed." I put my hand in the school bag, to take out my little Testament, but the little hymn book came out. Thinking it was

my Testament, as I opened it to get comfort, my eye rested on this verse,

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
It is the Lord's command;
Never let trifles stop your way
To Canan's happy land."

When on my fifteenth year my class-leader presented me with "Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection," I began to pray earnestly for all that was my privilege to enjoy. My desires were intense, temptations powerful, but O how often in flying to Jesus for refuge, have I felt all the sweetness and security of a babe in its mother's arms!

My views were not clear, but I wanted something. A camp-meeting came, and I said, I will get the blessing there. On Monday, at the first meeting seekers were invited forward for prayers. I presented myself as seeking a clean heart. All the week, at every meeting, I was found at the mourner's bench, praying and struggling. The last night of the camp-meeting came, and I was not satisfied. The whole night was spent in tears, with unutterable groaning. Often was heard by me, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,"—only believe. My heart as often replied, I do believe, but I want to feel.

Dear ones remained with me. The day was dawning, but I said I cannot give it up, I must be blessed. My dear mother whispered, "You must leave this place." She put loving arms around me, gently raising me to my feet. Finding I could struggle no longer, I consented to believe, and as I said, "Lord, I will believe, the blood of Jesus cleanseth," my swollen eyes met the first crimson ray in the eastern horizon. The instantaneous, joyous transition of that moment cannot be described. My heart and my voice exclaimed, Glory! Thy Sun of Righteousness has risen with healing in His wings. Truly faith has power in it!

For many days the breathing of my heart was, Glory, glory! feeling truly

"Heaven already is begun,
Opened in each believer."

Then came a longing for the fruition of heaven, and a subtle temptation to fear that I might fall by the hand of my enemy, and grieve the Spirit, as some of my dear youthful associates seemed to be doing; or, that I might live to be old and useless. So strong was this temptation, that on returning from a funeral, I said, O that they had laid this one away, then should I have been safely sheltered! I shall never forget the power with which the Heavenly Reprover spoke to my heart at that moment, and said, "How ungrateful! God has given you an existence, that you might glorify Him on earth, and enjoy Him forever."

The reproof was followed by such precious intimations of love, and promises of care, as brought plentiful tears of shame and confession. Soon after the promise, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age," was given with much distinctness and power (I was now about fifteen), and with much feeling I said, "If I live to be sixty years old, I will claim that promise."

New responsibilities were now constantly opening before me and I was continually looking to The Strong for strength, but at times was greatly tempted to shrink, feeling conscious of my own insufficiency. When just converted, I promised to obey, and told the Lord I would believe it to be His voice, and obey the dictates of His people as to religious duties. On one occasion, to keep this promise seemed almost impossible, but the blessed Holy Spirit strengthened my heart in the night season. I dreamed that my class-leader asked me to lead the meeting, I could hardly believe that I understood him rightly. A silent whisper said, "Remember your promise! Don't you ask the good Spirit to direct Brother Moore's

thoughts, and clothe them with words, etc.? Can He not direct yours, if you ask Him?" In my sleep I went forward, depending on promised help, and in waking hours was blessedly strengthened to walk into every open door.

When about sixteen, circumstances made it necessary to go into another class. Leader and members seemed fearful of what was called a high profession. Gradually the witness of holiness became dim. Soon it was relinquished.

Up to this time I had not had very clear or painful views of the natural depravity of the human heart. It was not until 1824 that the veil was lifted, that I might glance at the corruptions of my nature. Almost overwhelmed at the sight, and while abhorring myself, was astonished that even the infinite love of Jesus could look on one so impure. My views of sin, its awful demerit and anguish felt in consequence, was now much, much more clear and keen, than before justification. It now seemed as if the enemy must be forced to surrender, by continued resistance; and the conflict was sore.

In the early part of 1825 I obtained the "Christian Manual," by Rev. Timothy Merritt, and through this means was led to expect deliverance through faith in the atonement. While in this state of extreme anxiety, I dreamed one night of being alone in a large, beautiful field of snow on a lovely moonlight evening. Nature looked so pure and heavenly, I thought surely God is here—I will kneel and ask Him to purify my heart just now. I did so, and was immediately filled with light and inexpressible glory and exclaimed, This is not holiness, but heaven! I awoke filled with holy rapture, and said, If I had only been awake, I should have no doubt that God had purified my heart. I immediately arose, and fell on my knees to ask the blessing, but prayer was lost in praise; yet I did not confidently claim the witness of holiness.

Those distressing views of depravity seemed to be withdrawn, and the enemy often suggested that I was losing my convictions; but my soul was all athirst for the full impress, my views of faith became more clear, and I often attempted to believe now.

Thus I went forward for about three months, generally rejoicing, and sometimes believing the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth.

One Saturday evening I resolved not to rise from my knees the whole night, or even the next day, without the witness of purity. I plead earnestly. Several times the promise was presented, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth." Tremblingly faith would take hold and say, I do believe; but impatient for further manifestations, I would resume pleading. About one o'clock in the morning, I opened the precious Bible on "Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promises. For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry. Now the just shall live by faith." I felt the reproof, also the encouragement; and calmly said, "Lord, I will believe; I am wholly Thine; help me to abide in Thee." I then retired, resolving to live by faith.

At the dawn of day I awoke, desiring the Lord (almost as a condition of perseverance) to confirm my faith, by directing my eye to some special passage; and for this purpose reached to take a Bible. The suggestion came, "It will only open on some passage which you have marked." Indulging the impression, I withdrew my hand and took another Bible, which I had not used; when the Holy Spirit, in infinite condescension, directed my eye to—"Now the just shall live by faith; but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." A thrilling sensation came over me; I felt to draw back would be death, and cried, "Lord keep me now." Throughout the day, a most profound solemnity rested on my mind. Holiness seemed written on every object.

On Monday the enemy suggested, "It is possible you may yet be deceived; you have

not received this blessing as you expected." But my Heavenly Father soon assured me, if an earthly parent would not give a stone for bread, or a scorpion for fish, neither would He. My soul was now sweetly and continually sustained by the precious promises. It was only to ask and receive. On Tuesday morning, a very powerful temptation being presented, I hastened to the closet, and pleading my youth and inexperience, felt encouraged to ask another, and a still more powerful assurance of purity. The answer was instantly given by a most powerful application of—"Now are ye clean, through the word which I have spoken unto you." It was enough, and my enraptured soul could only adore such infinite condescension.

A LIGHT NEVER DIMMED.

Rev. W. McDonald, West Somerville Mass.: "DEAR BRO. HUGHES:—Your announcement of the death of Sister Palmer brought sadness, as well as subdued gratitude, to my heart: *Sadness*, that our Zion had lost so strong and stately a pillar, and so bright and shining a light; *gratitude*, that God allowed that pillar of holiness to stand so long, and her light to shine with so much brightness that all were able to behold it—a 'light along the shore that never grew.'

"Sister Palmer's life has been a benediction to all who came within her influence. Her quiet, unassuming piety, her long and steady walk with Jesus, her faithful and unwavering testimony that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,' puts to the blush our up and down experiences, and teaches us that God is not only able but willing, to 'keep that which we have committed unto Him against that day.' To my mind, our translated sister was worthy to be numbered among such saintly souls! But I will press on, that I may apprehend that which her ransomed soul has apprehended, in and through Christ Jesus."

IN GOOD STANDING.

The ice-cold Christian is a member of the church "in good and regular standing." Yes, indeed, he is, and he is a contributing member, too. It may be he contributes real liberally. Moreover he attends church quite regularly—when convenient. It may be he sings in the choir. When he gets his "Sunday clothes" on he looks quite like a Christian. But looks are sometimes deceiving. How does he live? Let us see.

No daily Bible reading.
No blessing asked at the table.
No family prayers.
No Bible instruction to the children.
No religious conversation in the home.
No private closet prayer.
No audible prayer in the prayer meeting.
No attendance at the prayer meeting.
No attendance at the Sunday school.
No Christ in his business methods.
No Christ in his choice of reading matter.

No Christ in his favorite amusements.
No Christ in his inmost heart.
And only a little of Christ in his head.
Well, what has he, then, which the commonest sinner has not?

First—He has his name on the church roll.
Second—He has his name on the list of contributing members.

Third—He has a pew or an occasional sitting in church. These three things, and nothing more, to entitle him to the glorious name of Christian.

If he should suddenly die, he would be given a Christian burial, and these three things about him would be sure to be mentioned in the funeral sermon, and held out to the bereaved family as reasons for a blessed assurance that he has gone straight to glory, with an abundant entrance. And yet there is not a sinner living within ten miles of him who cannot do as much for the Church, as much for the Sunday-school, as much to advance Christ's kingdom on earth as he does without ever once being suspected of being a Christian.—*The Awakener.*

THY KINGDOM COME.

The chapter in which we are taught this prayer begins by telling us how to give. Until we learn to give right, we can never learn to pray right. Praying is very expensive business, when it is done as it should be. To say, "Thy kingdom come," is therefore a sure test of the Christian's consecration, and the state of his heart toward God. It shows just how much he has on the altar, and how little he has of the mind that was in Christ. It will test his zeal every time a collection is taken, and every time prayer meetings happens to come on a bad night. In fact, his loyalty will be weighed whenever duty happens to come in a form he does not like. No man can make this prayer from the heart and be an idler in Christian work. Only let it become the real cry of his soul, and it will give him steady employment for life. It will put fire in his bones, and make him so earnest and zealous for the spread of Christ's kingdom, that his friends will begin to fear that he will wear himself out. It will haunt his dreams, and fill his waking moments, and put a power in his prayers that will strike terror to the unconverted. It will make life an alabaster box of precious ointment, which he will delight in giving to the Master. The prayer is all-embracing in its scope. It is not for some men but for all men. The poor, the rich, the wise, the foolish. It is a prayer for the salvation of every sinner.—*Rain's Horn.*

The Railroad Temperance Association, organized three years ago by Hon. L. S. Coffin, of Iowa, for this country and Canada, has now a membership of over 130,000 railroad men.

Bishop Taylor made bars of soap (instead of tobacco) the currency of the Congo. It met with such favor as handy change that the Bishop's son sends tons to him at a shipload.

Ballington Booth has formally transferred to Booth-Tucker all of the property of the Salvation Army in the United States, including the headquarters in New York, and every other item which was held in the name of Ballington Booth.

You have seen a ship out on the bay, swinging with the tide and seeming as if it would follow it; and yet it cannot, for down beneath the water it is anchored. So many a soul sways toward heaven, but cannot ascend thither, because it is anchored to some secret sin.—*Mrs. E. E. Williams.*

Yes, you are right. It is the mission of Methodism "to spread Scriptural holiness over these lands." But, manifestly, Methodism is not doing that work as well as she might. And some other organizations—including some newspapers—are hindering her from doing so. Hence, that other organization, comprehensively called "The Holiness Movement," with all its excellent appliances, is necessary to encourage her and to help her to fulfil her mission. Of all the other organizations, none are so important and useful as this, because it deals with essentials.—*Christian Standard.*

The great success of the holiness movement is largely attributable to the fact that thousands of elect women are, with their prayers, testimonies and substance, doing their utmost to press forward the good work. You will find these women in the homes of culture and wealth; you will find them in the middle classes; you will find them among the poor and lowly. Teachers, housekeepers, nurses, shop-keepers, factory girls and washerwomen. With pure hearts and shining faces, and ringing testimonies, they are scattering everywhere the great truth that here and now, in answer to prayer, Jesus Christ's blood cleanseth from all sin.—*The Methodist.*